ATTENTION

SEXUAL ORIENTED
MATERIAL ENCLOSED.

PLEASE DISGARD IF
NOT REQUESTED.

NOT FOR SALE
TO MINORS.

PARASITE

PARASITE

A FATHER'S STORY
Lionel Dahmer
(Morrow)

THE DEVIL AND MISS JONES
Janie Jones
(Smith Gryphon)

THE DEVIL'S DAUGHTER
Christine Hart
(New Author Publications)

DATELINE NBC
transcripts: 1-800-777-text
video: 1-800-420-2626

FAMILY

Membership is easy.

Like faggots whose greasy dicking and dark drooly tonguing automatically enrolls them in the pc daytime drama club called Gay. Like niggers who've become African-Americans by their numb theft of some uncle tom cassette or Maya Angelou paperback.

(Rat fat meat flies nittering and pricking around a flat saggy black womb. Drawn to the smell; parasites hungering at the stink and sweat and stick lipping and biting a feed-hole into home.)

Like watching your girlfriend suck your cock and eat your cum. Mouth open and wet rubs and those lovely favor filled eyes looking up and sucking you in. Like your mom and dad fucking each other.

(Those little gnats tickling and chewing at mama's thick wirey pubic nest and juicy inflamed red pig meat gash. Love and lust and need and help, the womb-eaters feed, fart and spew. They bathe in whatever personality is needed simply by reputations placed on them. Or their tackle. They live as children. Sons and daughters and MCI's friends and family and all just know they belong. Rut and suck; stay stupid and high on methane and blind and confused on gross dysgenics.)

Like Jeffrey Dahmer's father.

In between the time it takes you to figure out there's no difference between your hand and a hole and then a hole and a toilet, should be the realization that a womb is just another cunt. Should be.

What can you expect from these more tenacious flies-these cuntlappers, these womb scabs? What can be gleaned from their experience of mindless, supposedly selfless, love? What do you see in the simple actualities of those marked, deformed and defined by others? Those whose personalities belong to their weepy clawing, clinging and burrowing others -whose self-worth is determined by their close place in line.

Can you hope for details? Nearer to the cunt than most, one of those insects might just know what makes it worth

The March 13th issue of SUNDAY MIRROR shrieked "VICTIM'S HEADS AND LEGS WERE CUT OFF" ("All the bodies except one had their fingers and toes chopped off. Some had their heads shaved. The body of Shirley Robinson, eight months pregnant when she died, was found separated from her unborn child. Murder squad detectives fear victims may have been gagged, assaulted, strangled before being chopped up")

On the 11th, THE SUN published an eight page PHOTO CASEBOOK that contained two full pages of GRUESOME DIG FOR THE BODIES. The next day THE GUARDIAN focused on "LAWYERS TRY TO CALL BACK THE PACK CIRCLING 25 CROMWELL ST."

And somewhere someone is sitting down to compose a letter to Paul West offering either advice or prayers.

The April 4th TIME pronounces "AMERICA'S FASCINATION WITH SERIAL KILLERS IS REACHING AN ALL-TIME HIGH -AND MAY BE FUELING THEIR DEADLY DEEDS" A February CHICAGO TRIBUNE preceded with "THE INTEREST IN MURDER MULTIPLIES. BUT SERIAL

plunging in a little deeper. Insight? Pain? A more refined, intimately crafted account of the person separate from cheap lies and airy speculation? A honed portrait based on experience rather than sound byte professionalism or quick fix sensationalism? Maybe even some grey area. Hardly.

Because the first rule for these crabs is if they're going to live off someone else's blood and meat, then the only way to save face -public face geared to acceptance and reward- is to beg forgiveness in whichever inventive way they can.

So access to a unique reality is sidelined in favor of commonality. Don't accept blame, only suffer misunderstanding. And dissect -or rationalize- only what the public has already masticated. Any new bon mots must be treated delicately; offered only as fresh excuses or as copyrighted buyer incentives.

Jeffrey Dahmer is a bore. A victim cartoon. Or, at least, after seven or so books and fuck knows how much news time and print, that's the firmly planted picture of this drunk queer with maybe a bit too much time and not enough friends.

But the idea of Dahmer's dad writing a book is exciting. The possibility that everything -fake, honest or impressively inflated- hasn't been said about Jeffrey's thoughts, actions and lusts lays as much with Lionel as Jeffrey.

And if that is true, then A FATHER'S STORY is either a full length fib or just another sadly missed chance. Because there is little, if anything, new here.

Maybe the vultures just picked Jeffrey's corpse clean and dad's simply too late to shove his chunk at the camera. However, it hardly merits mentioning that this block of wood shouldn't be purchased for new details or anecdotes alone. Certainly, dad's feelings; his suffering and confusion and possibly, acceptance or even denial of how he created a monster, could be worth the peeking price.

So you get dad talking about the bones and the homosexuality (barely) and the cops and media and the alcoholism and shyness o.k.. And dad takes it on the chin. He shoulders the blame like the beefy fifties guy he wants to be throughout the whole book. Even lets you know he jerked off to big tits and fat asses, bub. But it's just lazy fabrication.

On one hand it's as if Lionel wants you to say 'Ah, don't be so hard on yourself', while on the other, he patronizes the flimsy suburban stereotype of armchair hate and outrage.

His descriptions of events with its 'I was there' tint always sounds as if he's telling you a story about a loud argument he had in a crowded restaurant -and he only wants to tell you about it before someone else does. You know he's leaving out the good, deeply personal, bits.

And it goes without saying that if Lionel is not telling you something new or exciting or, more importantly, real; then you wouldn't want to hear him. What is he? An absent father? A chemist? Him and his fucking wife and his ex-wife and his mother and god. Big deal. Cheap and embarrassing. The problem with these parasites is they confuse themselves with the foreground.

MY SON HAD LIVED IN A HIDEOUS WORLD, BUT I COULD NOT SEE IT AS A WORLD THAT BORE ANY RELATIONSHIP TO MINE. INSTEAD, IT WAS AS IF I WERE BEING FORCED TO WATCH A HORROR FILM I DID NOT WANT TO WATCH, FROM WHICH I ONLY WANTED TO ESCAPE.

And despite Lionel's sloppy self-deprecating dedication KILLER BUFFS SAY IT'S NOT A CRIME TO BE FASCINATED WITH THE DARK SIDE OF HUMAN NATURE".

Axl Rose and Manson.

And those cheezy T-shirts.

Comic books.

And neat little fanzines -with or without moral bias- that scare your mother and impress your buddies.

Dear Peter:

Would you like to trade video tapes? I'm currently looking for child or rape porn, but I'm also interested in shit and piss. I've enclosed my list of gore movies and TV documentaries.

Joyce Carol Oates: SERIAL KILLERS in the March 24th NEW YORK REVIEW OF BOOKS.

You know somewhere else, right now, there's a guy on his knees with his mouth stuffed full of cock. His eyes are closed, his jaw is stretched and his neck tight and bent. His tongue tries to slide along the warm thick shaft that jams quicker and harder between his lips and into his throat, but cannot. Instead he just mimics noises and motions to pretend he's licking something.

Whatever his hands are doing is unclear. He could be playing with the guy's balls or fingering his asshole or maybe just jerking himself off. Maybe just picking and scratching at the gumwads stuck to the floor that's making his kneecaps burn.

But we'll never know. Cause the WAS CRYING, AND THE MAN WAS ALL OVER HER, POKING HER AND PUTTING IT IN HER MOUTH. SHE WAS FEELING REALLY SICK, AND SHE JUST KNEW SHE WAS GOING TO DIE.

Ruth Finley's story is as incredible as most child abuse stories get these days. But no silly satan rituals and baby eating and, at least some, however slight, corroboration.

Ruth suffered from disassociation (oh dear) rather than fully blown schizophrenia, all starting from episodes of child molestation by a neighbor way back when. Her disassociation was so severe that Ruth created a villian to harass her -literally. She wrote threatening letters to herself and cops and TV news crews under the guise of "The Poet". Even went so far as to stab herself in the back, mail herself shit and piss and just generally suffer around the house.

And, once again, as with almost all child abuse tales, the psychotherapy takes center stage. And, as always, it all sounds rather impossible. Safely vague and expensive.

Honesty and believability is a problem here. However, as it is most possible that all of Ruth's actions stem from a simple lack of attention, it is nonetheless an attractive and torturous string of episodes whatever the reason.

And if the crimes are no more than psychodrama, they are still unique and inventive:

I CAN'T EVEN YELL I'M DYING. I HOPE I DIE ALL THE STINK AND NOISE AND HURT ON MY NOSE AND TEETH. MY TEETH ARE GONE. I WANT TO BE A CLEAN LITTLE GIRL IN MY CLOTHES. THE BOOK IS BLACKER AND ALL THE PAGES ARE FULL. I HURT ALL OVER. I WANT MY DADDY. MY BACK IS GONE WITH MY LEGS AND MY HANDS. I'M ALL GONE SOON. BAD STUFF TO EAT IN MY MOUTH. IT IS ROTTEN AND NASTY AND I WANT SOME AIR AND MY DADDY.

Ruth, now an old retiree, continues to wash her hair twice a day at least. And, yes, it's because her molester cummed in her baby hair again and again. And he stuck keys up inside her. Right, so she can never come across a key without one of those dirty little flashbacks.

LITTLE GIRL FLY AWAY was written with the full cooperation of both Ruth and her miracle-working therapist. So, true or not, the story doesn't suffer from a lack of detail.

Ruth's past history is pieced together through her therapy sessions, with the weird manifestations taking a second place to the childhood rape attacks.

Your uncle will enjoy LITTLE GIRL FLY AWAY much more than SECRET LESSONS. So will your mother. So will Don Weber -if for no other reason than it'll make his job alot easier next time.

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Four) follows what can only be described as the Aileen Wournos circus around Florida and captures it all with his three man crew, camera and mike. It's almost MAN BITES DOG come to life.

Mr. Broomfield keys on the parasites that surround Aileen and dregs up incredible stuff. A shyster lawyer and an adoptive religious mother (who, naturally, met Aileen by writing to her in jail) are shown in all their brainless, greedy glory.

The movie purports to be more of an expose on the media -and information on HARD COPY and CURRENT AFFAIR et al's sleazy dealings are included- but nothing you don't already know. But, in reality, it's a brutal romp through the backwoods personalities that flock to these crimes.

Like the filmmaker himself. Like Janie Jones and Christine Hart. And Lionel Dahmer.

NB: For those of you who care more about screwing and choking young men, a forthcoming issue of THE NEW YORKER (April 18) is due to feature a new interview with John Gacy. For those of you who want to know about the weather in Illinois or the food in prison, you only have to May 10th. Which is when Gacy is scheduled to finally be put to death, having exhausted all his appeals now.

Like:

THIS S.O.B. IS WORSE THAN WE THOUGHT. HE NOT ONLY VIOLATED HIS POSITION OF TRUST AS A TEACHER, BUT HE VIOLATED THIS GIRL'S TRUST AS A BABYSITTER. WHAT A SLIME! HOW LOW CAN SOMEONE GET? IT WAS ALL I COULD DO TO SIT THERE AND MAINTAIN MY PROFESSIONAL DEMEANOR WHEN SHE DESCRIBED THIS GUY HAVING SEX WITH A THIRTEEN YEAR OLD STUDENT ON HIS PARENTS' BED.

So says Pam Klein, director of the Rape and Sexual Abuse Care Center at Edwardsville, Illinois, about one Richard Van Hook; a teacher convicted of molesting nine teenage students and the subject of SECRET LESSONS.

Mr. Van Hook's plight and pleasures are covered by Don W. Weber and Charles Bosworth, Jr. for the length of this made for TV reject. SECRET LESSONS is the story of the investigation, arrest and trial that caused Richard Van Hook to commit suicide, all the while protesting his innocence. One of the authors, Don Weber, was the DA that pursued and prosecuted Van Hook.

Van Hook didn't fuck all of the girls. Some only complained of cops and gropes. But, of course, who really knows? We can hope (like your mother and Don Weber) that the girls weren't damaged that severely. Or we can hope (like your uncle and Don Weber) that what was done to these girls had to be the worst thing in the whole world. When Van Hook stuck (RAMMED, FORCED, STUFFED) his tongue in a budding teen's mouth, or felt (PULLED, GRABBED, SQUEEZED) another's breast... one can only hope and pray that the girls can somehow get over it.

Maybe the lawsuits against the school board will help.

The truth is, the reader of SECRET LESSONS won't give a fuck who gets better, falls into a life of homeless split personalities, or becomes a hard nosed executive with a hatred for men. And that's cause the book is written by the very image conscious State's Attorney and filled with every cowboy cliche ever thought up to help explain the (very questionable) reasons he cares so much for the little people. Van Hook is the enemy. And Weber is the knight in shining armor with the kind heart and dirty face.

And the crimes may or may not be as bad as they seem. And Van Hook may or may not have committed them. But when Weber concedes:

IF RICHARD VAN HOOK WAS PLACED ON PROBATION AND NEVER COULD TEACH AGAIN -CONFESSED AND DISGRACED- (THEN) EVERY-ONE COULD FEEL THAT JUSTICE WAS DONE.

you know you're in for a long haul filled with crying girls you don't believe, mothers' outrage formed from boredom more than hate, cops and lawyers full of the usual fat self-aggrandizing shit and teens that lost their virginity with-out the flowers and sparks and songs that always follows a back seat youth bang.

Unlike LITTLE GIRL FLY AWAY which, to place far too fine a point on it, legally speaking, is what a kid fuck should be:

"SO NOW THE MAN'S IN BED WITH THE LITTLE GIRL, AND IT'S TERRIBLE," SHE SAID. "IT'S REALLY TERRIBLE. THE LITTLE GIRL WANTED TO LEAVE, BUT SHE COULDN'T. SHE WAS SO FRIGHTENED. THEN IT GOT WORSE. IT'S LIKE, WELL, HE'S POKING HER WITH A STICK. THE LITTLE GIRL DIDN'T THINK MUCH ABOUT WHAT THE STICK WAS BECAUSE AT THAT POINT SOMETHING ELSE HAPPENED. YOU SEE, THE LITTLE GIRL NOW KNEW THAT SHE WAS GOING TO DIE. SHE

the crimes, these losers have really no other reason to write. And, with one exception, none of these goofs try to pin Gacy down or even mention the only reason to pay attention to the gross lonely pig. Having said that, however, the exception -a rather inventive perv with a couple names and an entertaining use of euphemisms- only underlines the ridiculousness of the book by suggesting the sadly unrealized possibilities of the others. True to form, Gacy's replies to him aren't included.

Like Christine Hart, sometimes the fans can't help but draw out the best in people. No matter how hard they try.

AILEEN WOURNOS: THE SELLING OF A SERIAL KILLER is a new film currently making the rounds of America's arthouse theatres. Ms Wournos has never been a subject for the hoi polloi. Her image as the first female serial killer or feminist icon are both only part of the fun. In fact, even those of you who find her entertaining as an extreme abuse victim (and whether you're outraged or excited by that) will find something new in this movie. Something completely different and separate from the three extant biograph-ies and, surely, the six or so to come.

Filmmaker Nick Broomfield (from Britain's Channel

to "rethink not only my relationship with Jeff but with the acts he carried out" you can trust that Lionel is no differ-ent now than he was when he didn't give a rat's ass over what, who or how his son fucked.

The best you can hope for is for something to slip through the cracks of Lionel's weary exculpating. And, true to form, the best incident of that is when the father steps (or is wrestled) aside and shuts his mouth. DATELINE NBC helped Mr. Dahmer promote his book by featuring it on a half hour segment this past month. Of course, Lionel had to bring Jeffrey along as part of the deal. In between Lionel reading bits of the book and condensing his wife's drug pumping and errant youth excuses into over-rehearsed characterizations, Jeffrey is allowed a few choice moments. And, surprisingly, it is to anchorman Stone Philips' credit that he manages to elicit more from Jeffrey about the crimes and reasons than Lionel ever cared to. Stone has the sense to ask Jeffrey the questions directly rather than through the old acolyte who sits between them. Jeffrey admits to the sexual aspect of his murders -citing the cannibalism and dismemberment as particularly stimulating only after Stone poses the question specifically. And while Jeff mimics the Freudian camp fed to him by psychologists (and, no doubt, his father and his press agent) about his motivation being control and compulsion, blah, blah; again it's Stone's probe that produces "Lust paid a big part in it".

Stone also allows Jeffrey's mother to rebut some of her ex-husband's charges. In fitting summation she mumbles "I ask the universe why would this be allowed to happen". Mom says she has no answers but that she is also writing a book. Fortunately, the show was broadcast before her suicide attempt.

Janie Jones' book is cut from the same mold. Her story of Myra Hindley is based on their relationship and is therefore heavily biased. But to explain that bias she has to tell you her life story. That the reader couldn't give a fuck about Janie or her life without Myra doesn't seem to matter.

But Janie does have a nice twist. And it is perhaps the frustration of her hedging on the facts of her life that ultimately, oddly, makes THE DEVIL AND MISS JONES so disappointing.

Janie's well into sex. And better than that (or so she says), she's less interested in having it than in knowing about it. Who's fucking who and how, etc. The first half of her book is spent on her life as an almost-ran. Apparently, quite popular (briefly) in England as a pop singer and later notorious as a call girl madam for show biz middle-grounds, Ms Jones is quick with charming anecdotes and gushy sixties-style pomp and puffery. Unfortunately, she denies the charges of hooker support and blackmail that led her to a seven year prison sentence and thus clouds the book with high camp morals, smiley kisses and ass caning as opposed to sleazy cum soaked shitholes and lipstick stains.

She also suffers from an intensely over-inflated sense of self -enveloping everything from psychic flashes to "gaze upon my beauty if you must" womanhood. And this combined with her protestations of naivety and innocence leaves absolutely no room for any real discussion of sex or sex matters. The chance is forever lost. Someone with such unique exposure could certainly add something new to the canon of sex murder. She, who has spent so much time enjoy-

photographer only caught the action around the gnawed balls. Concerned more with either dick-size or suck technique, the gritty photog never considered your burning interest in the fag's hands. And he didn't even stop to think that you might have developed a party game whereby you discern motiva-tions by examining facial expressions on the suckee. Clenched teeth, half hitched eye, slight blush and brow sweat... Anything could be possible, but unfortunately, that world is now forever closed to you.

So you'll just have to pretend.

Guess.

Imagine you're there -what shall you be today: the top, the bottom, the photogra-pher or maybe the innocent wife waiting up for the shock of loveless ass rape?

And how 'bout those Benetton ads?

That very sexy diaper commercial...

Claudia Schiffer and David Copperfield. Ryan White and Westley Allan Dodd. Andrea Dworkin and an ass egg.

But it's all too easy to constantly complain about limited or censored access. Just as it is about empty advertising. And, when the focus switches from the seedy celebrity to the safe, vicarious thrill seeking fan, is it possible that it's just another in a long line of excuses and rationalizations?

Is your interest,

ing the exploits of rich degenerates and hedonists finds herself face to face and friendly with someone who killed children strictly for pleasure.

So the reader is again relegated to a pathetic search for details and dirt. And, even there, the author fails to deliver. Regurgitated information -nothing that hasn't been covered in the fifteen strong library of Ian and Myra books or the almost daily newspaper articles that continue to this day. Janie discusses meeting Myra in prison, initially hating her (as would be expected of such an upstanding socialite), then their friendship, and finally, their tiffy parting. Myra, Janie contends, fooled her into believing that the murders were Ian's fault and that she was, emotionally, just another of his victims. When Myra finally helps police find the body of Keith Bennett, Janie says she saw through the lies and felt deceived and used. And, of course, Myra was back to evil again. Janie, out of prison for sometime now, never stops to imagine that Myra had to lie due to continuous threat of attack in jail. Or that now that the truth is out, maybe something revelatory or worthwhile can be approached. No, her sense of betrayal is too much and her perfumed fur hanging personality is brought to full hysteria. It's almost depressing.

In the same way that Janie's and Lionel's ugly personalities block whatever real access they ever had, Christine Hart's personality serves as a funnel. She presents as skewed a reality as the other two authors but, owing either to her particular connection to the subject or the subject's very special personality, THE DEVIL'S DAUGHTER presents the reader with wonderful fare.

Briefly, a young English girl stuck in a nasty foster/orphan situation finds herself drawn to Ian Brady's similar upbringing and sense of tragedy. She writes to Ian in prison and finally, years later after much difficulty, receives a reply. A correspondence builds while the girl's life goes from bad to worse -due in no small part to the heated and angry response to her relationship with Ian. Fleet Street gets wind of her, chews her up, spits her out and she has to flee to New York. Somewhere along the line the possibility of her actually being Ian's daughter is raised and put paid to.

Typically, Christine stumbles through her life -just as Lionel and Janie whinge- innocent and unbearably exposed. Her liasons are almost exclusively ugly and one-sided, her fragile girlish personality always ripped and shredded to pieces by cruel inconsiderates and abusers. Certainly, some will find Christine's teenage exploits and grave mistakes exciting. Others boring. But since the worth of the book lies with Ian Brady and Christine's bumbling doesn't detract from or hide a fresh insight into Ian's world, presenting, as it does, that world largely through Ian's own words, THE DEVIL'S DAUGHTER pays off.

It is unfortunate, however, that so few of Brady's letters have been included unexpurgated. There seems to have been quite a large number but Brady's solicitor has made an attempt to have all actual words from Brady excised from the work. But what there is is worth alot. Ian Brady presents a formidable figure. A libertine with the sense to examine the world rather than rail against it. A man disturbed by his situation but yet respectful of his urges. So much so, that his current situation might be seen as less tragic than that of a fearful self-imprisonment in untested or fascination, with incarcerated libertines morbid? A lustful masturbatory dalliance based on your attraction to hurting children and their cuntful mothers? Or perhaps you need a personality -a reactionary, private rebellion based on your alienation and uncoordinated misfit status at school or work? Is it psychotic? Chemical? Worst of all, could you be involved with a deconstruction of media muscle? Is getting a date a problem, Diogenes? I bet you're a closet homosexual ...or a full blown self-hating one ...or a happy homo with a big(ger) hole fetish.

How do you explain all the morons who write to John Gacy? Otis fucking Toole or Ramirez? MORE LETTERS TO MR. GACY (Myco) may help you answer the question of who but probably not the why. The second volume of "Selected Correspondence of John Wayne Gacy" picks up where the first (THEY CALL HIM MR. GACY) left off. Which is in some weird grey area closer to autograph hunting guides and bad punk rock bands than it is to boy fucking snuff porno or true crime histories.

The catch is MORE LETTERS is actually a very entertaining book. And a very worthwhile addition to the annals of crime history -if that's the control favorite of yours. Certainly, a and unlived waters.

Brady's letters to Christine are full of references to Dostoevsky, Nietzsche and Sade and it's clear that for all the years he's lived (the last twenty-five or so in prison), Brady has struggled with a real sense of existentialism -an intricate inspection of his personality and its place. And it's a testimonial to Brady's character that the importance of THE DEVIL'S DAUGHTER lies not in the details or hysteria of his crimes nor is it marred by the same.

SECRET LESSONS
Don W. Weber & Charles Bosworth,Jr.
(Onyx)

LITTLE GIRL FLY AWAY
Gene Stone
(Simon & Schuster)

FRIENDS

Such a wonderful time it was. Remember? Remember honey...when we just lied there for...what was it...it must've been hours...when we just held each other. And we were so sweaty and tired but exhilarated and...I don't know it was just...beautiful, magic. It was so special to me. And us.

Those others. They can't do what you do. Uh uh...they were just...you know, fucks. When we...you know, have sex ...make love...it's so much more. I mean, I know it sounds cliche but, honest to god, it's true, isn't it? I mean, having sex with you is so different...it's cause we're in love. You're such an angel. I really love holding you and feeling you and being inside you and...you know, like being part of you...being one together.

And she closes her eyes and dreams...yes it is true. And so does he and, goddammit, he means every word.

Fucking is such fun. It can be fun and rough and dirty but tender or transcendental or cathartic or sport or angry or hateful or giving or apologetic or mmm...loving. Expensive. Cheap. Lazy. Foolish. Sick.

And your lover might really like it in her ass. And she likes the way sperm tastes. Cause it's yours. And when she spits it back in your mouth it's a very important, very daring, very compassionate moment.

And that smell on your finger. Those bruises on your knees. That crab on your cock just didn't matter at the time.

There's the weight gain you don't mind now. The saggy jello flat sucked out hairy stretch marked beaten cow dugs and that slimy stinking sweat matted hair hole and I gotta get the lights on so I can watch that hog blow me.

How 'bout if we titty fuck? How about if you use your tongue just a bit more? I honestly think you should swallow or quit talking like that. Or grab your tits or wear this dildo and pretend you're a man, there's nothing wrong with it, is there? You know I can share this with you 'cause we're in love...your sister looks like she's been working out.

It's a simple thing.

Made complicated.

Like, for example, when it involves little girls.

Like ask, for example, the State's Attorney for his opinion. And then your lonely fat uncle. And that big guy at the end of the bar.

more accurate portrait of Gacy, you're unlikely to find. And a more detailed cross-section of murder fans is simply unavailable. The problem with MORE LETTERS, then, is that all its worth is found between the lines and beneath the borders. And its appeal is more sociological overview than sexual or personal.

Kinda like pointing and giggling at a retard tripping off a school bus.

Gacy says the same shit over and over and over: "80% of what is known about me is fantasy and fraud". He constantly denies the crimes, drives and, honestly, fits the stereotype he looks like -a fat polack from a Chicago suburb who knows more about fixing a Weber grill than getting the most out of a howling teenager. His replies to the letters he gets become quickly tiresome and the reader will find more VFM in his fans.

Who also become tiresome. The media letters -from all the talk shows, magazines and celebrities you can imagine- are, at least, understandable. They know what their audience wants. The nerds who write to buy Gacy's boring kitsch paintings and ask questions about "the truth" just line up for a fan's glance. Gacy's infamy gives them a badge to needle their enemies with. Since they know Gacy won't own up to